

## **Thomas The Tank Engine & Friends Season 2 Transcript**

### **Thomas, Percy and the Coal**

It was a beautiful morning on the Island of Sodor. Thomas the Tank Engine's blue paint sparkled in the sunshine as he puffed happily along his branch line with Annie and Clarabel. He was feeling very pleased with himself.

"Hello, Thomas" whistle Percy, "you look splendid!" "Yes indeed," boasted Thomas, "blue is the only proper colour for an engine." "Oh, I don't know. I like my brown paint." said Toby. "I've always been green. I wouldn't want to be any other colour either." added Percy. "Well, well anyway," huffed Thomas, "blue is the only colour for a really useful engine. Everyone knows that!" Percy said no more. He just grinned Toby.

Later, Thomas was resting when Percy arrived. A large Hopper was loading his trucks full of coal. Thomas was still being cheeky, "Careful," he warned, "watch out with those silly trucks." "Go on. Go on, go on!" muttered the trucks. "...and by the way," went on Thomas, "those buffers don't look very safe to me."

The last load, poured down. "Help! I'm choking!" cried Thomas. "Get me out!" Percy was worried but he couldn't help laughing. Thomas's smart blue paint was covered in cold dust from smoke box to bunker.

"Ha hah!" chuckled Percy, "you don't look really useful now, Thomas, you look really disgraceful!" "I'm not disgraceful!" choked Thomas. "You did that on purpose! Get me out!" It took so long to clean Thomas, that he wasn't in time for his next train. Toby had to take Annie and Clarabel "Poor Thomas," whispered Annie to Clarabel. They were most upset.

Thomas was grumpy in the shed that night. Toby thought it a great joke. But Percy was cross with Thomas for thinking he'd made his paint dirty on purpose. "Fancy, a really useful blue engine, like Thomas, becoming a disgrace to the fat controllers railway!"

Next day, Thomas was feeling more cheerful as he watched Percy bring his trucks from the junction. The trucks were heavy and Percy was tired. "Have a drink," said his driver, "then you'll feel better." The water column stood at the end of the siding with the unsafe buffers.

Suddenly Percy found that he couldn't stop. The buffers didn't stop him either. "Oh," wailed Percy, "Help!" The buffers were broken and Percy was wheel deep in coal.

It was time for Thomas to leave. He had seen everything. "Now Percy has learned his lesson too." He chuckled to himself

That night the two engines made up their quarrel. "I didn't cause your accident on purpose Thomas," whispered Percy, "you do know that, don't you?" "Of course," replied Thomas, "and I'm sorry I was cheeky. Your green paint looks splendid again too. In future we'll both be more careful of coal."

## Cows

Edward was getting old. His bearings were worn and he clanked as he puffed along. He was taking empty cattle trucks to market town. The Sun shone, birds sang, but Edward was heading for trouble.

"Come on, come on" he puffed. "Oh oh oh oh!" screamed the trucks. Edward puffed and clanked. The trucks rattled and screamed.

Some cows were grazing nearby. They were not used to trains, the noise and smoke disturb them. As Edward clanked by they broke through the fence and ran across the line. A coupling was broken and some trucks were left behind.

Edward felt a jerk but didn't take much notice. He was used to trucks. "Bother those trucks," he thought, "why can't they come quietly? He was at the next station before either he or his driver realised what'd happened.

When Gordon and Henry heard about the accident, they laughed and boasted "Fancy allowing cows to break his train! They wouldn't dare do that to us! We'd show them!"

Toby was cross. "You couldn't help it, Edward. They've never met cows. I have and I know the trouble they are."

Some days later, Gordon rushed through Edward's station. "Poop poop! Mind the cows! Hurry hurry hurry! puffed Gordon. "Don't make such a fuss. Don't make such a fuss!" grumbled his coaches. A long stretch of line lay ahead in the distance was a bridge. It seemed to Gordon that there was something on the bridge. His driver thought so too.

"Woah, Gordon," he said and shut off steam. "Huh!" said Gordon, "it's only a cow! Shoo! Shoo!" He moved slowly on to the bridge but the cow wouldn't shoo. She had lost her calf and felt lonely. "Moo," she said sadly. Everyone tried to send her away, but she wouldn't go. Henry arrived.

"What's this? A cow? I'll soon settle her. Be off, be off!" "Moo..." said the cow. Henry backed away nervously. "I don't want to hurt her."

At the next station Henry's guard told them about the cow and warned the signalman, that the line was blocked. "That must be Bluebell," said the porter, "her calf is here. Ready to go to market. Percy will take it along."

At the bridge Bluebell was very pleased to see her calf again and the porter lead them away.

"Not a word. Keep it dark," whispered Gordon and Henry to each other. They felt rather silly, but the story soon spread.

"Well, well well" chuckled Edward, "two big engines afraid of a cow?" "Afraid? Rubbish!" said Gordon "We didn't want the poor thing to hurt herself by running up against us. We stopped so as not to excite her. You see what I mean my dear Edward?" "Yes, Gordon." said Edward. Gordon felt somehow that Edward saw only too well.

## **Bertie's Chase**

One morning Edward was waiting to pick up passengers from Thomas's train. "Peep peep! We're late! Where is Thomas? He doesn't usually make us wait" "Oh dear what can the matter be." sang the fireman, "Johnny so longeth-" "Never you mind about Johnny!" laughed the driver, "just you climb on the cab and look for Thomas."

"Can you see him?" "No," replied the fireman. "There's Bertie bus in a tearing hurry. No need to bother with him though. Likely he's on a coach tour or something." He clambered down.

"Stop stop! I've got Thomas's passengers!" wailed Bertie, roaring up to the gates. It was no good Edward was gone. "Bother!" said Bertie "Bother Thomas's fireman not coming to work today. Why did I promise to help the passengers catch the train?" "That will do Bertie," said his driver, "a promise is a promise and we must keep it."

"I'll catch Edward or bust!" said Bertie.

"Oh my gears and axles!" he groaned, toiling up the hill, "I'll never be the same bus again.

Hurray! Hurray! I see him." Cheered Bertie as he reached the top. "Oh, no! Edward's at the station. No? He's stopped at a crossing. Hurray! Hurray!" Bertie tore down the hill. "Well done Bertie!" shouted his passengers. "Go it!" Bertie skidded into the yard. "Wait, wait!" cried Bertie. He was just in time to see Edward puff away. "I'm sorry," said Bertie.

"Nevermind," said the passengers, "after him quickly! Third time lucky, you know? Do you think we'll catch him at the next station driver?" "There's a good chance," replied the driver. "Our road keeps close to the line and we can climb hills better than Edward. I'll just make sure." He spoke to the station master. Bertie and the passengers waited impatiently. "Yes, we'll do it this time" said the driver. "Hooray!" called the passengers as Bertie chased after Edward once more.

"This Hill is too steep! This hill is too steep!" grumbled the coaches as Edward snorted in front. They reached the top at last time and smoothly into the station.

"Peep peep!" whistled Edward, "get in quickly please." The guard blew the whistle and Edward's driver looked back. But the flag didn't wave. Then he heard Bertie. Everything seemed to happen at once. And the station master told the guard and driver what'd happened.

"I'm sorry about the chase Bertie." said Edward. "My fault," replied Bertie. "Late at junction. You Didn't know about Thomas's passengers" "Peep peep! Goodbye Bertie, we're off!" whistle Edward, "Three cheers for Bertie!" called the passengers. Bertie raced back to tell Thomas that all was well

"Thank you Bertie," said Thomas, "You're a very good friend indeed."

## **Saved From Scrap**

The Fat Controller works his engines hard. They are very proud when he calls them really useful.

"I'm going to the scrap yard today," Edward called to Thomas "What, already? You're not that old!" replied Thomas cheekily. Thomas was only teasing.

The scrap yard is full of rusty old cars and machinery. They are broken into pieces loaded into trucks, and Edward pulls them to the steel works where they are melted down and used again. Today there was a surprise waiting for Edward in the yard. It was a traction engine. "Hello," said Edward. "You're not broken and rusty. What are you doing here?" "I'm Trevor. They're going to break me up next week." "What a shame," said Edward. "My driver says I only need some paint, polish and oil to be as good as new. But my Master says I'm old fashioned."

Edward snorted, "People say I'm old fashioned. But I don't care. The Fat Controller says I'm a useful engine. What work did you do?" "My master would send us from farm to farm. We thresh corn haul logs and did lots of other work. The children loved to see us." Trevor shut his eyes, remembering. "Oh yes, I like children."

Edward set off for the station. "Broken up? What a Shame! Broken up? What a shame! I must help Trevor I must! He thought of all his friends who liked engines, but strangely none of them would have room for a traction engine at home. "It's a shame! It's a shame!" he hissed.

Then, "Peep peep! Why didn't I think of him before?" There, on the platform, was the very person. "Hello Edward you look upset. What's the matter Charlie?" he asked, the driver.

"There's a traction engine in the scrap yard vicar. He'll be broken up next week. Jem Cole says he never drove a better engine." "Do save him sir. He saws wood and gives children rides."

"We'll see." replied the vicar.

Jem Cole came on Saturday. "The Reverend's coming to see you, Trevor, maybe he'll buy you."

"Do you think he will? asked Trevor hopefully. "He will when I've lit your fire and cleaned you up." The vicar and his two boys arrived that evening. Trevor hadn't felt so happy for months. He chuffed about the yard. "Show your paces Trevor." said the vicar.

Later he came out of the office smiling. "I've got him cheap Jem, cheap!" "Do you hear that Trevor?" cried Jem, "the Reverend saved you and you live at the vicarage now." "Peep peep!" whistled Trevor.

Now Trevor's home is in the vicarage orchard and he sees Edward every day. His paint is spotless and his brass shines like gold. Trevor likes his work, but his happiest day is the church fete. With a wooden seat bolted to his bunker. He chuffers round the orchard, giving rides to children.

Long afterwards, you will see him shut his eyes remembering. "I like children." he whispers happily.

## Old Iron

One day James had to wait at the station till Edward and his train came in. This made him cross. "Late again?" Edward laughed and James fumed away.

After James had finished his work he went back to the yard and puffed onto the turntable.

He was still feeling very bad tempered

"Edward is impossible!" he grumbled to the others, "He clanks about like a lot of old iron, and he is so slow he makes us wait." Thomas and Percy were indignant. "Old iron?" "slow, why Edward could beat you in a race any day." "Really?" Said James. "I should like to see him do it."

Next morning James's driver was suddenly taken ill. He could hardly stand. So the fireman uncoupled James ready for shunting. James was impatient. Suddenly the signalman shouted. There was James puffing away down the line.

"All traffic halted." He announced at last. Then he told the fireman what had happened. "Two boys were on James's footplate, fiddling with the controls." "Phew!" "They tumbled off and ran when James started." The signalman answered the telephone. "Yes, he is here, right. I'll tell him. The inspector's coming at once. He wants a shunter's pole and a coil of wire rope." "What for?" wondered the fireman, "Search me but you'd better get them quickly!"

The fireman was ready when Edward arrived. The inspector saw the pole and the rope. "Good man, jump in." "We'll catch him. We'll catch him!" puffed Edward.

James was laughing. "What a lark, what a lark" he chuckled to himself. Suddenly he was going faster and faster. He realised that he had no driver. "What shall I do? I can't stop! Help! Help!"

"We're coming. We're coming." called Edward. Edward was panting up behind with every ounce of steam he had. At last he caught up with James. "Steady Edward!" called his driver. The inspector stood on Edward's front holding a noose of rope in the crook of the shunter's pole. He was trying to slip it over James's buffer. The engine swayed and lurched. At last "Got him!" he shouted. He pulled the noose tight. Gently braking Edward's driver checked the engine's speed and James's fireman scrambled across and took control.

"So the old iron caught you after all!" chuckled Edward. "I'm sorry," whispered James. "Thank you for saving me. You were splendid, Edward." "That's all right." replied Edward. The engines arrived at the station side by side. The Fat Controller was waiting, "A fine piece of work." He said, "James, you can rest and then take your train. I'm proud of you, Edward. You shall go to the works and have your worn parts mended." "Oh, thank you, sir," said Edward. "It will be lovely not to clank."

## **Thomas and Trevor**

Trevor the traction engine enjoyed living in vicarage orchard. Edward came to see him every day but sometimes Trevor didn't have enough work to do. "I do like to keep busy all the time," he sighed one day, "and I do like company, especially children's company." "Cheer up," smiled Edward, "The Fat Controller has worked for you. It is new harbour. I'm to take you to meet Thomas today." "Ah!" exclaimed Trevor happily. "A harbour, the seaside, children. That will be lovely."

Thomas was on his way to the harbour with a trainload of metal pilings. They were needed to make the harbour wall firm and safe. "Hello, Thomas," said Edward. "This is Trevor, a friend of mine. He's a traction engine." Thomas eyed the newcomer doubtfully. "A what engine?" he asked. "A traction engine," explained Trevor. "I run on roads instead of rails. Can you take me to the harbour, please? The Fat Controller has a job for me." "Yes, of course," replied Thomas, but he was still puzzled.

Workmen coupled Trevor's truck to Thomas's train, and soon they were ready to start their journey. "I'm glad The Fat Controller needs me" called Trevor, "I don't have enough to do sometimes, you know, although I can work anywhere in orchards, on farms, in scrap yards, even at harbours!" "But you don't run on rails" puffed Thomas. "I'm a traction engine, I don't need rails to be useful," replied Trevor, "you wait to see."

When they reach the harbour, they found everything in confusion. Trucks have been derailed, blocking the line and stone slabs lay everywhere. "We must get these pilings past" said Thomas's driver. "They are essential. Trevor, we need you to drag them around this mess." "Just the sort of job I like," replied Trevor. "Now you will see Thomas. I'll soon show you what traction engines can do." Trevor was as good as his word. He dragged the pilings clear with chains and towed them into position. "Who needs rails?" he muttered cheerfully to himself.

Later, Thomas brought Annie and Clarabel to visit him. Thomas was most impressed. "Now I understand how useful a traction engine can be." The coaches were full of children. Trevor gave them rides along the harbour. He liked this best of all.

He's very kind said Annie. "He reminds me of Thomas" added Clarabel. Everyone was sorry when it was time for Trevor to go. Thomas pulled him to the junction. A small tear came into Trevor's eye. Thomas pretended not to see, he whistled gayly to make Trevor happy. "I'll come and see you if I can." He promised, "The vicar will look after you, and there's plenty of work for you now at the orchard, but we may need you again at the harbour someday." "That would be wonderful!" said Trevor.

That evening Trevor stood remembering his new friend Thomas, the harbour and most of all the children. Then he went happily to sleep in the shed at the bottom of the orchard.

## **Percy and the Signal**

Percy works in the yard at the big station. He loves playing jokes, but they can get him into trouble.

One morning he was very cheeky indeed.

"Peep peep! Hurry up Gordon the train's ready!" Gordon thought he was late. "Ha ha ha!" laughed Percy and showed him a train of dirty coal trucks. Gordon thought how to pay Percy out.

Next it was James's turn. "Stay in the shed today, James. The Fat Controller will come and see you." "Ah," thought James, "The Fat Controller knows I'm a fine engine. He wants me to pull a special train." James's driver and fireman could not make him move. The other engines grumbled dreadfully. They had to do James's work as well as their own.

At last the inspector arrived. "Show a wheel, James, you can't stay here all day." "The Fat Controller told me to stay here. He sent a message this morning." "He did not. How could he? He's away for a week!" "Oh," said James. "Oh! where's Percy?"

Percy had wisely disappeared.

When The Fat Controller came back, he did see James and Percy too. Both engines wished he hadn't.

One morning Percy was careless. "I say, you engines, I have to take some trucks to Thomas's junction. The Fat Controller chose me especially, he must know I'm a really useful engine."

"More likely he wants you out the way" grunted James. Gordon looked across to James. They were making a plan. "James and I were just speaking about signals at the junction. We can't be too careful about signals, but then I needn't say that to a really useful engine like you, Percy." Percy felt flattered. "We had spoken of backing signals," put in James, "they needed extra special care, you know. Would you like me to explain?" "No, thank you, James," said Percy, "I know all about signals." Percy was a little worried. "I wonder what backing signals are?" he thought. "Nevermind, I'll manage." he puffed crossly to his trucks and felt better.

He came to a signal. "Bother, it's at danger." The signal moved to show line clear. It's arm moved up instead of down. Percy had never seen that sort of signal before. "Down means go and up means stop. So upper still must mean go back. I know it's one of those backing signals."

"Come on Percy," said his driver. "Off we go. Stop! You're going the wrong way!" "But it's a backing signal!" Percy protested and told him about Gordon and James. The driver laughed and explained. "Oh dear," said Percy. "Let's start quickly before they see us." He was too late.

Gordon saw everything

That night the big engines talked about signals. They thought the subject was funny. Percy thought they were being very silly.

## **Duck Takes Charge**

"Do you know what?" asked Percy. "What?" grunted Gordon. "Do you know what?" "Silly," said Gordon, "Of course I don't know what, if you don't tell me what what is!" "The Fat Controller says that the work in the yard is too heavy for me. He's getting a bigger engine to help me."

"Rabbish!" said James. "Any engine could do it, if you worked more and chatted less, this yard would be a sweeter a better and happier place!"

Percy went off to fetch some coaches. "That stupid old signal," he thought. He was remembering the time misunderstood a signal and gone backwards instead of forwards. "No one listens to me now. They think I'm a silly little engine and order me about. I'll show them. I'll show them." But he didn't know how.

By the end of the afternoon he felt tired. He brought some coaches to the station.

"Hello Percy," said The Fat Controller, "you look tired." "Yes, I am sir. I don't know if I'm standing on my dome or my wheels." "You look the right way up to me!" laughed The Fat Controller.

"Cheer up. The new engine is bigger than you and can probably do the work alone. Would you like to help build my new harbour? Thomas and Toby will help." "Oh, yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

The new engine arrived.

"What's your name?" asked The Fat Controller, "Montague sir, but I'm usually called Duck. They say I waddle. I don't really, sir. But I like Duck better than Montague." "Good. Duck it shall be.

Here Percy show Duck around." The two engines went off together. Soon they were very busy. James Gordon and Henry watched Duck quietly doing his work. "He seems a simple sort of engine. We'll have some fun and order him about!"

[Duck noises]

Smoke billowed everywhere.

Percy was cross. Duck took no notice. "They'll get tired of it soon. Do they tell you to do things Percy?" "Yes they do!" answered Percy. "Right, said Duck, "we'll soon stop that nonsense." He whispered something. "We'll do it later."

The Fat Controller was looking forward to hot buttered toast for tea at home. Suddenly he heard an extraordinary noise.

"WHEEESH!" [Snorting noises]

"Bother!" he said and hurried to the yard.

Duck and Percy calmly sat on the points outside the shed, refusing to let the engines in.

Gordon, James and Henry were furious. "Stop that noise!" bellowed The Fat Controller. "They won't let us in!" hissed Gordon. "Duck, explain this behaviour." "Beg pardon, sir, but I'm a Great Western engine. We do our work without fuss, but begging your pardon, sir, Percy and I would be glad if you would inform these engines that we only take orders from you."

"SILENCE!" Snapped The Fat Controller, "Percy and Duck I am pleased with your work today but not with your behaviour tonight. You have caused a disturbance. Gordon, Henry and James sniggered. "As for you," thundered The Fat Controller, "you've been worse. You made the disturbance. Duck is quite right. This is my railway and I give the orders." after Percy went away. Duck was left to manage alone. He did so easily.



## **Percy and Harold**

Percy worked hard at the new harbour. The workmen needed stone for their building. Toby helped but sometimes the loads of stone were too heavy, and Percy had to fetch them for himself. Sometimes he'd see Thomas. "Well done Percy, the Fat Controller's very pleased with us."

An airfield was close by, Percy heard the aeroplanes zooming overhead all day. The noisiest of all was a helicopter. "Stupid thing," said Percy. "Why can't it go and buzz somewhere else?" One day Percy stopped at the airfield. "Hello," said Percy, "who are you?" "I'm Harold," said the helicopter, "who're you?" "I'm Percy. What whirly great arms you've got!" "They're nice arms," said Harold, "I can hover a like a bird. Don't you wish you could hover?" "Certainly not! I like my rails, thank you." "I think railways are slow," said Harold, "they're not much use and quite out of date!" He whirled his arms and buzzed away.

Percy found Toby the quarry. "I say Toby, that Harold, that's stuck up whirly bird thing, says I'm slow and out of date. Just let him wait. I'll show him!" He collected his trucks and started off, still fuming.

Soon they heard a familiar buzzing. "Percy," whispered his driver, "there's Harold. He's not far ahead. Let's race him!" "Yes let's!" said Percy.

Percy pounded along, the trucks screamed and swayed. "Well, I'll be a ding dong danged!" said the driver. There was Harold. The race was on. "Go it Percy!" he yelled, "You're gaining!"

Percy had never been allowed to run fast before, he was having the time of his life. "Hurry hurry hurry!" he panted to the trucks. "We don't want to! We don't want to!" they grumbled. It was no use Percy was bucketing along with flying wheels and Harold was high and alongside.

The fireman shovelled for dear life. "Well done Percy!" shouted the driver, "we're gaining, we're going ahead. Oh, good boy. Good boy."

A distant signal warned them that the harbour wharf was near. "Peep peep peep! Brakes, guard, please!" The driver carefully checked the train's headlong speed. They rolled under the main line and halted on the wharf.

"Oh, dear," groaned Percy, "I'm sure we've lost." The firemen scrambled to the cab roof. "We've won! We've won!" He shouted. "Harold's still hovering. He's looking for a place to land!"

"Listen boys," the fireman called, "here's a song for Percy: said Harold helicopter to our Percy you are slow, your railway is out of date and not much use, you know. But Percy with his stone trucks did the trip in record time and we beat the helicopter on our old branch line!" Percy loved it. "Oh, thank you." he said he liked the last line best of all, and was a very happy engine.

## **The Runaway**

Thomas the Tank Engine was ill. Workmen had tried to make him better, but it was no use.

"Edward must take you to the works." said The Fat Controller.

Thomas felt very miserable.

Then the Fat Controller spoke to Duck. "I want you to help Percy and Toby while Thomas is away." Duck was delighted. He already knew Percy, and soon made friends with Toby and Bertie. Terence the tractor gave him a big welcome too "Take care of Thomas's coaches," he advised, "he's sure to miss them while he's away." "Duck was very gentle with the coaches. Annie and Clarabel were impressed. "Such nice manners," they told each other, "it really is a pleasure to go out with him."

When Thomas came back Annie and Clarabel told him how well Duck had managed. Thomas was so pleased to be home that he soon forgot to be jealous.

The works had left Thomas's handbrake very stiff. It made his brakes seem as if they were hard on when in fact they were not. As a result, he and his coaches often overran the platform.

Thomas found this most embarrassing.

Gradually his driver and fireman learned to be extra careful. But one day Thomas's fireman was ill and a relief man took his place. The fireman had fastened the coupling, and joined the driver and station master on the platform to wait for Henry's passengers. The fireman had forgotten all about Thomas's handbrake.

Thomas simmered happily. "Not long now." he thought, as he saw Henry slowly approaching, but Thomas's brakes were not hard on and suddenly he felt his wheels begin to move. He tried to stop, but he couldn't without his driver and fireman. He tried to whistle a warning, but he couldn't do that either. The guard, driver, fireman and passengers were all stranded on the platform. "Stop stop!" shrieked Annie and Clarabel. But Thomas with plenty of steam kept on going. The alarm went out down the line: "Stop the runaway!"

There ready for action was Harold the helicopter. The inspector had made a plan and together they took off into the sky.

At last Thomas was tiring. "I need to stop. I need to stop." he panted wearily. As they neared the next station Thomas saw Harold land. They entered the platform slowly enough for the inspector to act. Judging his moment the inspector scrambled into the cab and screwed the brake hard on. At last Thomas stopped. Both he and the inspector were very relieved. Then they thanked Harold. "Think nothing of it!" whirled Harold, "Glad to be of service, anytime!" "Phew!" remarked the inspector, "We must never let this happen again, Thomas." Wearily Thomas agreed with him.

## **Percy Takes The Plunge**

One day Henry wanted to rest, but Percy was talking to some engines. He was telling them about the time he had braved bad weather to help Thomas. "It was raining hard. Water swirled under my boiler. I couldn't see where I was going, but I struggled on." "Oh, Percy, you are brave." "Well, it wasn't anything really. Water's nothing to an engine with determination." "Tell us more, Percy." "What are you engines doing here?" hissed Henry. "This shed is for the Fat Controller's engines. Go away! Silly things." Henry snorted.

"They're not silly." Percy had been enjoying himself. "They are silly, and so are you. 'Water's nothing to an engine with determination'. Huh!" "Anyway," said cheeky Percy, "I'm not afraid of water. I like it!" He ran off to the harbour singing. "Once an engine attached to a train was afraid of a few drops of rain."

"No one ever lets me forget the time I wouldn't come out of the tunnel in case the rain spoiled my paint!" huffed Henry.

Thomas was looking at a board on the quay. "'Danger'. We mustn't go past it," he said, "that's orders." "Why?" "Danger means falling down something," said Thomas. "I went past danger once and fell down on mine." "I can't see a mine." said Percy. He didn't know that the foundations of the quay had sunk. The rails now sloped downward to the sea. "Stupid board." said Percy.

Percy made a plan. One day he whispered to the trucks "Will you give me a bump when we get to the quay?" The trucks has never been asked to bump an engine before. They giggled and chatted about it.

"Driver doesn't know my plan!" chuckled Percy. "On on on!" laughed the trucks. Percy thought they were helping. "I'll pretend to stop at the station but the trucks will push me past the board. Then I'll make them stop. I can do that whenever I like." Every wise engine knows that you cannot trust trucks. "Go on. Go on!" the yelled and bumped Percy's driver and fireman off the footplate. "Oh!" said Percy, sliding past the board. Percy was frantic. "That's enough!"

Percy was sunk

"You are a very disobedient engine." Percy knew that voice. "Please, sir. Get me out sir. I'm truly sorry sir." "No Percy, we cannot do that till high tide. I hope it will teach you to obey orders." "Yes sir."

It was dark when they brought floating cranes to rescue Percy. He was too cold and stiff to move by himself.

Next day he was sent to the works on Henry's goods train.

"Well well well," chuckled Henry, "Did you like the water?" "No." "I am surprised. You need more determination Percy! Water's nothing to an engine with determination, you know. Perhaps you will like it better next time?" Percy is quite determined that there won't be a next time.

## **Pop Goes the Diesel**

Duck is very proud of being Great Western. He talks endlessly about it. But he works hard too and makes everything go like clockwork. It was a splendid day.

Trucks and coaches behaved well.

The passengers even stopped grumbling.

But the engines didn't like having to bustle about. "There are two ways of doing things," Duck told them, "the Great Western way or the wrong way. I'm Great Western and-" "Don't we know it!" they groaned.

The engines were glad when a visitor came.

He purred smoothly towards them. The Fat Controller introduced him, "Here is Diesel. I have agreed to give him a trial he needs to learn please teach him Duck." "Good morning," purred Diesel in an oily voice, "Pleased to meet you, Duck. Is that James and Henry and Gordon too? I am delighted to meet such famous engines."

The silly engines were flattered. "He has very good manners," they murmured. "We are pleased to have him in all yard."

Duck had his doubts. "Come on!" he said, Diesel purred after him

"Your worthy Fat-" "Sir Topham Hatt to you!" ordered Duck. Diesel Looked hurt. "Your worthy Sir Topham Hatt thinks I need to learn. He is mistaken. We diesels don't need to learn we know everything we come to a yard and improve it. We are revolutionary!" "Oh," said Duck, "if you're revo-thingogummy, perhaps you would collect my trucks while I fetch Gordon's coaches."

Diesel, delighted to show off, purred away.

When Duck returned, Diesel was trying to take some trucks from a siding, they were old and empty. They have not been touched for a long time. Diesel found them hard to move. "Pull! Push! Backwards! Forwards!" "Oheeee! Ohhh!" the Trucks groaned. "We can't! We Won't!" Duck watched with interest. Diesel lost patience "Hrrr-Grrr!" he roared. He gave a great heave. The trucks jerked forward. "Ohhh! Ohh!" they screamed. "We can't! we won't!" Some of their brakes snapped and the gear jammed in the sleepers. "Hrrr-Grrr-Hrrrghh!" "Ho ho ho!" chuckled Duck. Diesel recovered and tried to push the trucks back but they wouldn't move. Duck ran quietly round to collect the other trucks. "Thank you for arranging these Diesel. I must go now." "Don't you want this lot?" "No thank you." Diesel gulped. "And I've taken all this trouble. Why didn't you tell me?" "You never asked me, besides," said Duck, "you were having such fun being rev-whatever-it-was-you-said. Goodbye!" "Hrrr-Grrr-Hrrrghh!"

Diesel had to help the workmen clear the mess. He hated it. All the trucks were laughing and singing at him: "Trucks are waiting in the yard; tackling them with ease'll, 'show the world what I can do' gaily boasts the Diesel. In and out he creeps about like a big black weasel. When he pulls the wrong trucks out, Pop goes the Diesel!" "Hrrr-Grrr!" growled Diesel, and scuttled away to sulk in the shed.

## **Dirty Work**

Diesel the new engine was sulking. The trucks would not stop singing rudely at him. Duck was horrified. "Shut up!" he ordered and the bumped them hard. "I'm sorry our trucks were rude to you Diesel." Diesel was still furious. "It's all your fault. You made them laugh at me." "Nonsense!" said Henry, "Duck would never do that. We engines have our differences, but we never talk about them to the trucks, that would be dis- dis-" "Disgraceful!" said Gordon. "Disgusting!" put in James. "Despicable!" finished Henry. Diesel hated Duck. He wanted him to be sent away. So he made a plan. He was going to tell lies about Duck. Next day he spoke to the trucks. "I see you like jokes. You made a good joke about me yesterday. I laughed and laughed. Duck told me what about Gordon. I'll whisper it. Don't tell Gordon I told you." and he sniggered away. "Ho ho ho!" guffawed the trucks, "Gordon will be cross with Duck when he knows. Let's tell him and pay Duck out for bumping us!" They laughed rudely at the engines as they went by. Soon Gordon Henry and James found out why. "Disgraceful!" said Gordon. "Disgusting!" said James. "Despicable!" said Henry. "We cannot allow it." They consulted together. "Yes," they said, "he did it to us. We'll do it to him and see how he likes it." Duck was tired out. The trucks had been cheeky and troublesome. He wanted a rest in the shed. The three engines barred his way. "Keep out!" "Stop fooling," Said Duck, "I'm tired." "So are we," hissed the engines. "We're tired of you! We like Diesel. We don't like you. You tell tales about us to the trucks." "I don't!" You do!" "I don't!" "You do!" The Fat Controller came to stop the noise. "Duck called me a galloping sausage!" spluttered Gordon. "Rusty red scrap iron!" hissed James. "I'm old square wheels!" fumed Henry. "Well Duck?" Duck considered. "I only wish, sir," he said gravely, "that I thought of those names myself, if the dome fits-" "He made trucks laugh at us!" accused the engines. The Fat Controller recovered. He'd been trying not to laugh himself. "Did you Duck?" "Certainly not sir! No steam engine would be as mean as that!" Diesel lurked up. "Now diesel you heard what Duck said." "I can't understand it, sir. To think that Duck of all engines. I am dreadfully grieved, sir, but know nothing." "I see." said The Fat Controller. Diesel squirmed and hoped he didn't. "I'm sorry Duck but you must go to Edward's Station for a while. I know he will be glad to see you." "As you wish, sir." Duck trundled sadly away, while diesel smirked with triumph.

## **A Close Shave**

Duck, the Great Western engine puffed sadly to Edward's station. "It's not fair." He complained. "Diesel has been telling lies about me and made The Fat Controller and all the engines think I'm horrid." Edward smiled. "I know you aren't, and so does The Fat Controller. You wait and see. Why don't you help me with these trucks?" Duck felt happier with Edward and set to work at once.

The trucks were silly, heavy and noisy. The two engines had to work hard, pushing and pulling all afternoon. At last they reached the top of the hill "Goodbye!" whistled Duck, and rolled gently over the crossing to the other line. Duck loved coasting down the hill, running easily with the wind whistling past.

Suddenly it was a guard's warning whistle. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" laughed the trucks, "we've broken away, we've broken away! Chase him! Bump him! Throw him off the rails!" they yelled. "Hurry, Duck, hurry!" said the driver. They raced through Edward's station, but the trucks were catching up. "As fast as we can, then they'll catch us gradually." The driver was gaining control. "Another clear mile and we'll do it. Oh, glory! look at that!" James was just pulling out on their line from the station ahead. Any minute there could be a crash. "It's up to you now, Duck" cried the driver. Duck put every ounce of weight and steam against the trucks. "It's too late!" Duck groaned, and shut his eyes. He veered into a siding where a barber had set up shop. He was shaving a customer.

The silly trucks had knocked their guard off his van and left him far behind after he had whistled a warning. But the trucks didn't care. They were feeling very pleased with themselves. "Beg pardon, sir," gasped Duck. "Excuse my intrusion." "No, I won't" said the barber, "you've frightened my customers. I'll teach you!" and he lathered Duck's face all over. Poor Duck. Thomas was helping to pull the trucks away when The Fat Controller arrived.

"I do not like engines popping through my walls!" fumed the barber. "I appreciate your feelings," said The Fat Controller, "but you must know that this engine and his crew have prevented a serious accident. It was a very close, uhm, shave." "Oh," said the barber. "Oh, excuse me!" He filled a basin of water to wash Duck's face. "I'm sorry. I didn't know you're being a brave engine." "That's all right, sir. I didn't know that either." "You were very brave indeed." Said The Fat Controller. "I'm proud of you." The Fat Controller watched the rescue operation.

Then he had more news for Duck "And when you are properly washed and mended you are coming home." "Home sir? Do you mean the yard?" "Of course." "But sir they don't like me. They like diesel." "Not now, I never believe diesel so I sent him packing. The engines are sorry and want you back."

A few days later when he came home, there was a really rousing welcome for Duck the Great Western engine.

## **Better Late Than Never**

The engines were finding life difficult. Workmen were mending the viaduct on the main line. The arches needed strengthening. The Fat Controller did not want to close the railway while the work was done and so repairs took a long time.

The engines had to take great care when crossing the viaduct, and the delay often made them late on their journey to the junction, where they knew Thomas would be ready to collect his passengers. Thomas grew crosser and crosser

"Time's time," he grumbled. "why should I keep my passengers waiting? While Henry and James dawdle about all day on viaducts?" "Don't blame me!" snorted Henry. "If we hurried across the viaduct, it might collapse and then you'd have no passengers at all. What would you do then?" "Run my train on time for one thing." retorted Thomas. He hurried away before Henry could answer.

Bertie was impatient too. He was timed to arrive just after Thomas. His passengers found that instead of going straight from the bus to their train, they were kept waiting till Thomas arrived. Soon Bertie grew cross with Thomas, "Late again?" he remarked as Thomas panted wearily in. "We may be friends but I thought you could go fast Thomas. It's time we had another race. I reckon I could beat you now!" Thomas let off steam loudly. "Rubbish!" He hissed fiercely. "It's those mainline engines. They dither about on their viaduct and then blame the Fat Controllers workmen. It's just an excuse for laziness if you ask me."

One day James was later than ever at the junction. "I'm sorry, Thomas." He puffed. "I was held up at the station, and the viaduct made it worse." "It's lucky for you. I'm a guaranteed connection!" grumbled Thomas. Before James could answer, he puffed importantly away. "Come along. Come along!" he panted to the coaches. Annie and Clarabel did their best, but Thomas soon found that he couldn't save much time.

Suddenly Thomas saw Bertie ahead. His radiator was steaming. "What's the matter?" asked Thomas, "you should be at the station by now. You're late!" "I feel dreadful," moaned Bertie, "all upset inside and driver says he can't make me better. Thank goodness you're late too. Can you take my passengers please? They'll never get home otherwise." "Of course!" agreed Thomas. He now felt sorry for Bertie and promised to get help at the next station. Thomas set off again. Already he felt much more cheerful, and Bertie's passengers travelling in Annie and Clarabel all reached home safely.

When Bertie was better, he came to thank Thomas. "I'm sorry I teased you about being late." he said, "That's all right," said Thomas. "I'm glad I could help. There are times when being late isn't such a bad thing after all." With a last cheerful greeting, the two friends went back to work.

## **Break Van**

Donald and Douglas are twins and had arrived from Scotland to help The Fat Controller but only one engine had been expected. The twins meant well, but did cause confusion. The Fat Controller had given them numbers, Donald 9 and Douglas 10. But he was still planning to send one engine home.

There was a brake van in the yard that had taken a dislike to Douglas. Things always went wrong when he had to take it out. His trains were late and he was blamed. Douglas began to worry. Donald his twin was angry.

"Ye're a muckle nuisance!" said Donald, "it's to leave you behind. I'd be wanting!" "You can't," said the van, "I am essential." "Och, are ye?" Donald burst out, "You're nothing but a screechin' and a noise when all said and done. spite Dougie would you? Take that! "Oh ohoh!" cried the van. "There's more comin, should you misbehave!" The van behaved better after that. Until one day Donald had an accident. The rails were slippery. He couldn't stop in time. The Fat Controller was most annoyed.

"I am disappointed, Donald. I did not expect such clumsiness from you. I had decided to send Douglas back and keep you." "I'm sorry, sir." said Donald. "I should think so too. You have upset my arrangements. Now James will have to help with the goods work while you have your tender mended. James won't like that." Fat Controller was right, James grumbled dreadfully.

"Anyone would think," said Douglas, "that Donald had his accident on purpose. I heard tell about an engine and some tar wagons." "Shut up!" said James, "It's not funny." He didn't like to be reminded of his own accident. "Well, well, well," said Douglas, "Surely James, it wasn'ta you. You didna say!"

James didn't say he slouched sulkily away. "He's cross sniggered the spiteful brake van, "We'll try to make him crosser still!" "Hold back!" giggled the trucks to each other. James did his best, but he was exhausted when they reach Edward's station. Luckily, Douglas was there. "Help me up the hill, please," panted James, "These trucks are playing tricks." "We'll show them!" said Douglas.

Slowly but surely, snorting engines forced the trucks up the hill. But James was losing steam. "I can't do it. I can't do it!" "Lae it to me!" shouted Douglas. The guard was anxious. "Go steady. The van's breaking!" The van was in pieces. No one had been hurt and soon Edward came to clear the mess. The Fat Controller was on board.

"I might have known it would be Douglas." he said. "Douglas was grand, sir." said Edward, "James had no steam left but Douglas worked hard enough for three. I heard him from my yard." "Two would have been enough!" said Fat Controller. "I want to be fair Douglas but I don't know, I really don't know." The Fat Controller was making up his mind about something.

But that's another story.



## The Deputation

Snow came early to the Island of Sodor. It was heavier than usual. Most engines hate snow. Donald and Douglas were used to it. Coupled back to back with a van between their tenders and a snowplough on their fronts, they set to work. They puff backwards and forwards patrolling the line.

Generally the snow slipped away easily, but sometimes they found deeper drifts. Presently they came to a drift, which was larger than most. They charged it, and we're just backing for another try when, "Losh sakes, Donald! It's Henry! Dinnae fesh yourself, Henry! Wait a while. We'll have you out!"

Henry was very grateful, he saw all was not well. The twins were glum. They told him that The Fat Controller was returning soon. "He'll send us back for sure!" "It's a shame." said Percy. "A lot of nonsense about a broken signal box!" grumbled Gordon. "That spiteful brake van too," put in James, "good riddance! that's what I say." "They were splendid in the snow." added Henry. "It isn't fair." They all agreed that something must be done. But none knew what.

Percy decided to talk to Edward about it. "What you need," said Edward, "is a deputation." He explained what that was. Percy ran back quickly. "Edward says we need a devastation!" "Of course," said Gordon, "the question is-" "what is a desperation?" asked Henry. "It's when engines tell The Fat Controller something's wrong." said Percy. "Did you say tell The Fat Controller?" asked Duck thoughtfully.

There was a long silence.

"I propose," said Gordon, "that Percy be our, uhm, disputation!" "I?" squeaked Percy, "I can't!" "Rubbish, Percy!" Said Henry, "It's easy." "That's settled then." said Gordon. Poor Percy wished it wasn't.

"Hello, Percy. It's nice to be back." Percy jumped. "Yes, yes, yes, sir. Please, sir." "You look nervous. Percy, what's the matter?" "Please, sir, they've made me a desperation sir, to speak to you, sir. I don't like it sir." The Fat Controller pondered. "Do you mean a deputation Percy?" "Yes, sir. Please, sir. It's Donald and Douglas sir. They say, sir, that if you send them away, sir, they'll be turned into scrap, sir! That would be dreadful sir. Please, sir, don't send them away-" "Thank you Percy that will do."

Later, Fat Controller spoke to the engines. "I had a deputation. I understand your feelings, but I do not approve of interference" He paused impressively. "Donald and Douglas, I hear that your work in the snow was good. You shall have a new coat of paint." The twins were surprised.

"Thank you, sir!" "But your names will be painted on you, we'll have no more mistakes." "Thank you, sir. Does this mean that the both of us-"

The Fat Controller smiled, "It means-" But the rest of his speech was drowned in a delighted chorus of cheers and whistles. The twins were here to stay

## **Thomas Comes to Breakfast**

Thomas the Tank Engine has worked his branch line for many years and knows it very well.

"You know just where to stop, Thomas" laughed his driver, "You could almost manage it without me." Thomas had become conceited, he didn't realise his driver was joking.

Later, he boasted to the others. "Driver says I don't need him now!" "Don't be so daft!" snorted Percy. "I'd never go without my driver," said Toby earnestly, "I'd be frightened." "Huh!" boasted Thomas, "I'm not scared!" "You'd never dare!" "I would then, you'll see."

The next morning the fire lighter came. Thomas drowsed comfortably as the warm spread through his boiler. Percy and Toby was still asleep. Thomas suddenly remembered. "Silly stick in the muds!" He chuckled. "I'll show them. Driver said I could manage without him. I'll just go out, then I'll stop and 'wheesh!' that will make them jump!"

Thomas thought he was being clever. Really, he was only moving because the careless cleaner had meddled with his controls. He soon found his mistake. He tried to stop and 'wheesh!', but he couldn't. He tried to stop. But he couldn't. He just kept rolling along. He didn't dare look at what was coming next.

There was the station master's house. The station master was about to have breakfast. "Horrors!" cried Thomas, and shut his eyes. The house rocked, broken glass tinkled, plaster was everywhere. Thomas had collected a bush on his travels. He peered into the room through its leaves. He couldn't speak.

The station master was furious. His wife picked up her plate, "You miserable engine!" she scolded, "Just look what you've done to our breakfast! Now I shall have to cook some more!" She banged the door. More plaster fell. This time it fell on Thomas. Thomas felt depressed. Workmen propped up the house with strong poles and laid rails through the garden.

Meanwhile, Donald and Douglas arrived. "Dinnae fash yourself Thomas! We'll soon have you back on the rails!" they laughed. Donald and Douglas, puffing hard, managed to haul Thomas back to safety. Bits of fencing, the Bush and a broken window frame festooned his front, which was badly twisted. The twins laughed and left him.

Thomas was in disgrace. There was worse to come. "You are a very naughty engine." "I know sir. I'm sorry, sir." Thomas's voice was muffled behind his bush. "You must go to the works and have your front mended. It will be a long job." "Yes, sir." "Meanwhile, a diesel railcar will do your work." "A d d diesel, Sir?" Thomas spluttered. "Yes, Thomas. Diesels always stay in their sheds till they are wanted. Diesels never galavant off to breakfast in station masters houses."

## **Daisy**

Percy and Toby were worried. Thomas's recent accident had caused a great deal of trouble and the Fat Controller was waiting for them with important news. "Here," he said, "is Daisy, the diesel railcar, who has come to help while Thomas is, uhh, indisposed."

"Please, sir," asked Percy, "will she go, sir, when Thomas comes back, sir?" "That depends." said The Fat Controller. "Meanwhile, however long she stays, I hope you will both make her welcome and comfortable." "Yes, sir, we'll try sir." said the engines. "Good. Run along now and show her the shed. She will want to rest after her journey."

Daisy was hard to please, she shuddered at the engine shed. "This is dreadfully smelly. I'm highly sprung, and anything smelly is bad for my swerves." Next they tried the carriage shed. "This is better," said Daisy, "but whatever is that rubbish?" The rubbish turned out to be Annie, Clarabel and Henrietta, who were most offended. "We won't stay here to be insulted!" they fumed. Percy and Toby had to take them away and spend half the night soothing their hurt feelings.

The engines woke next morning feeling exhausted. Daisy on the other hand felt bright and cheerful. "Ooh ooh!" she tooted, as she came out of the yard and back to the station.

"Look at me," she purred to the passengers, "I'm the latest diesel, highly sprung and right up to date. You won't want Thomas's bumpy old Annie and Clarabel now!" The passengers waited for Daisy to start, but she didn't. She saw that a milk van was about to be coupled to her and was most indignant.

"Do they expect me to pull that?" "Surely," said her driver, "you can pull one van?" "I won't!" said Daisy. "Percy can do it. He loves messing about with trucks." She began to shudder violently.

"Nonsense!" said her driver, "come on now back down." Daisy lurched backwards. She was so cross that she blew a fuse. "Told you!" she said and stopped. Everyone argued with her but it was no use. "It's fitter's orders!" she said, "What is?" "My fitter's a very nice man. He comes every week and examines me carefully. 'Daisy,' he says, 'never never pull. You're highly sprung and pulling is bad for your swerves.' So that's how it is." finished Daisy.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the stationmaster. "I can't understand," said the shunter, "whatever made The Fat Controller send us such a feeble-" "Feeble? Feeble?!" spluttered Daisy, "Let me-" "Stop arguing!" grumbled the passengers, "we're late already!" So they uncouple the van and Daisy purred away feeling very pleased with herself. She could now enjoy her journey. "That's a good story." She chuckled, "I'll do just what work I choose and no more!" But she said it to herself.

## **Percy's Predicament**

Daisy, the diesel railcar's work in the countryside was full of surprises. She was frightened of bulls and cows, and she remained very lazy and stubborn.

One day Toby brought Henrietta to the station, where Percy was grumpily shunting. "Hello, Percy. I see Daisy's left the milk again." "I'll have to make a special journey with it I suppose. Anyone would think I have nothing to do!" grumbled, Percy. "Tell you what," replied Toby, "I'll take the milk. you fetch my trucks." Their drivers and the stationmaster agreed.

Percy had never been to the quarry before. He began ordering the trucks about "Hurry along!" he said. The trucks grumbled to each other. "This is Toby's place! Percy's got no right to poke his funnel up here and push us around." They whispered and passed the word. "Pay Percy out! Pay Percy out!" "Come along!" puffed Percy, "no nonsense!" "We'll give him nonsense!" giggled the trucks, but they followed so quietly that Percy thought they were under control.

Suddenly, they saw notice ahead, 'All train stop to pin down brakes.' "Peep peep peep! Brakes guard ,please!" But before he could check them the trucks surged forward. "On on!" they cried. "Help! Help!" whistled Percy. The man on duty at the crossing rushed to warn traffic with this red flag but was too late to switch Percy to the runaway siding. Frantically trying to grip the rails Percy slipped into the yard. "Peep peep! Lookout!"

The brake van was in smithereens. Percy's driver and fireman had jumped clear, but Percy was stranded. Next day The Fat Controller arrived, Toby and Daisy had helped to clear the wreckage but Percy remained on his perch of trucks. "We must now try," said The Fat Controller, "to run the branch line with Toby and a diesel. You have put us in an awkward predicament." "I am sorry, sir." replied Percy. "You can stay there till we're ready. Perhaps it will teach you to be careful with trucks." Percy sighed. The trucks groaned beneath his wheels. He quite understood about awkward predicaments.

The Fat Controller spoke severely to Daisy too. "My engines work hard, I send lazy engines away!" Daisy was ashamed. "However, Toby says, you worked hard after Percy's accident, so you shall have another chance." "Thank you, sir," said Daisy, "I will work hard, sir. Toby says he'll help me." "Excellent! What Toby doesn't know about branch line problems isn't worth knowing, our Toby's an experienced engine."

Next day Thomas came back, and Percy was sent to be mended. Annie and Clarabel were delighted to see Thomas again and he took them for a run at once.

All are now friends and Toby has taught Daisy a great deal. She shooed a cow off the line all by herself the other day. That shows you doesn't it?

## The Diseasel

Bill and Ben are tank engine twins, each has four wheels, a tiny chimney and dome and a small squat cab. Their trucks are filled with China clay. It is needed for pottery, paper, paint, and many other things. The twins are now kept busy pulling the trucks for engines on the main line and for ships in the harbour.

One morning they arranged some trucks and went away for more.

They returned to find them all gone. The twins were most surprised. Their drivers examined a patch of oil. "That's a diesel," they said. "It's a what-ll?" asked Bill. "A diseasel I think," replied Ben, "there's a notice about them in our shed: 'coughs and sneezes spread diseases'. You had a cough in your smoke box yesterday. It's your fault the diseasel came!" "It isn't!" "It is!" "Stop arguing you two," laughed their drivers. "Let's go and rescue our trucks" Bill and Ben were horrified, "But the diseasel will magic us away like the trucks!" "He won't magic us," replied their drivers "we'll more likely magic him! Listen, he doesn't know you're twins, so we'll take away your names and numbers and then this is what we'll do."

Puffing hard the twins set off on their journey to find the diesel.

They were looking forward to playing tricks on him.

Creeping into the yard they found the diesel on a siding with the missing trucks. Ben hid behind, but Bill went boldly alongside

The diesel looked up "Do you mind?" "Yes," said Bill, "I do! I want my trucks please." "These are mine," said the diesel, "go away!" Bill pretended to be frightened. "You're a big bully!" he whimpered, "You'll be sorry!" He ran back and hid behind the trucks on the other side. Ben now came forward. "Truck stealer!" hissed Ben and ran away too. Bill took his place.

This went on and on till the diesel's eyes nearly popped out. "Stop! You're making me giddy!"

The two engines gazed at him. "Are there two of you?" "Yes, we're twins!" "I might have known it!"

Just then Edward bustled up. Bill and Ben, why are you playing here? "We're not playing!"

protested Bill. "We're rescuing our trucks!" squeaked Ben. "Even you don't take our trucks

without asking but this diseasel did!" "There's no cause to be rude," said Edward severely, "This engine is a Metropolitan - Vickers diesel - electric type two!" The twins were abashed. "We're

sorry Mr. uhh-" "Nevermind," the diesel smiled. "call me BoCo I'm sorry I didn't understand about the trucks." "That's all right then" said Edward, "Now Off you go, Bill and Ben. Fetch BoCo's

trucks, then you can take this lot. There's no real harm in them," he said to BoCo, "but they're

maddening at times." BoCo chuckled. "Maddening," He said, "is the word!"

## **Wrong Road**

Thomas' branch line is important and so is Edward's. But their tracks and bridges are not so strong as those on the main line. The Fat Controller does not allow the heavier main line engines like Gordon to run on them. But one day, the way Gordon was talking, you would've have thought The Fat Controller had given this order for quite another reason. It's not fair! Grumbled Gordon. What isn't fair? Asked Edward. Letting branch line diesels pull main line trains. Never mind, Gordon. I'm sure BoCo will let you pull his trucks sometimes. Gordon spluttered. I won't pull BoCo's dirty trucks. I won't run on branch lines. Why not it would be a nice change. The Fat Controller would never approve. Huffed Gordon. Branch lines are vulgar. Gordon puffed away. Edward chuckled and followed him to the station.

Every evening the two engines pulled two fast trains from the station. Gordon always leaves first with an express for the main line. Edward follows five minutes later with his train for the branch line. Usually everything runs like clockwork. But tonight there was trouble. A lady in a green floppy hat was saying goodbye to her friend. It was nearly time for Gordon to start. The fireman looked back towards the guard's van and saw something green waving. Right away, mate! He thought the guard had waved his flag. Gordon started, leaving luggage, his passengers and the guard all standing on the platform. Everyone was very surprised and cross. To make matters worse, by the time Gordon had been stopped and brought back, Edward was already late with his train. So now, he set off first. But the signaller at the junction wasn't told about the change. By mistake, he sent Edward along the main line. Gordon was sent along the branch, and arrived cold and cross on one of the sidings near the harbor.

Next morning, Bill and Ben peeped into the yard. There were no cars for them but they didn't mind that. Teasing Gordon will be much better fun.

What's that? Asked Bill. Shush! Whispered Ben. It's Gordon. It looks like Gordon, but it can't be. Gordon never comes on the branch lines. He thinks them vulgar. Gordon pretended he hadn't heard them. If it isn't Gordon. Said Ben. It's just a pile of Old Iron. Which we better take it to the scrapyards. No Bill, this lot's used for scrap, we'll take it to the harbor and dump it in the sea. Gordon was alarmed. I am Gordon. Stop, stop! When BoCo suddenly arrived, Gordon thought him the most beautiful sight he had ever been. BoCo, my dear engine, save me. BoCo quickly sized up the situation and threatened to take away the trucks he brought for Bill and Ben. This made the twins behave at once. Gordon thought BoCo was wonderful.

Those little demons. How do you do it? Ah well. Said BoCo. It's just a knack. Gordon still believed that BoCo saved his life. But he knows the twins are only teasing. Don't we?

## **Edward's Exploit**

Bertie the bus was giving some visitors a tour of the Island of Sodor.

It was their last afternoon and Edward was preparing to take them to meet Bill and Ben. He found it hard to start the heavy train. "Did you see him straining?" asked Henry. "Positively painful!" remarked James. "Just pathetic." grunted Gordon, "he should give up and be preserved before it's too late." "Shut up!" burst out Duck, "you're all jealous. Edward's better than any of you." "You're right, Duck," said BoCo "Edward's old but he'll surprise us all." "I've done it! We're off! I've done it! We're off!" said Edward as he finally puffed out of the station.

Bill and Ben were delighted to see the visitors, they love being photographed. Later they took the party to the China clay works in a brakevan special.

Everyone had a splendid time and the visitors were most impressed

Then Edward took the visitors home.

On the way the weather changed. Wind and rain buffeted Edward, his sanding gear failed and his fireman rode in front dropping sand on the rails by hand. Suddenly, Edward's wheels slipped fiercely. With a shrieking crack, something broke. The crew inspected the damage. Repairs took some time.

"One of your crank pins broke Edward," said his driver. "We've taken your side rods off, now you're like an old fashioned engine. Can you get these people home? They must start back tonight." "I'll try sir," promised Edward.

Edward puffed and pulled his hardest, but his wheels kept slipping and he could not start the heavy train. The passengers were anxious. Driver, fireman and guard went along the train making adjustments between the coaches. "We've loosened the couplings, Edward. Now you can pick your coaches up one by one, just as you do with trucks." "That will be much easier." said Edward. "Come on!" he puffed and moved cautiously forward. The first coach moving helped to start the second and the second helped the third

"I've done it! I've done it!" puffed Edward. "Steady boy!" warned his driver, "Well done, boy. You've got them! You've got them!" and listen happily to Edward's steady beat, as he forged slowly but surely ahead. At last battered, weary but unbeaten Edward steamed in. Henry was waiting for the visitors with Special train. "Peep peep!"

The Fat Controller angrily pointed to the clock but excited passengers cheered and thanked Edward, his driver and fireman.

Duck and BoCo saw to it that Edward was left in peace. Gordon and James remained respectfully silent.

## **Ghost Train**

'And every year on the date of the accident it runs again, as a warning to others. Plunging into the gap. shrieking like a lost soul!' "Percy, what are you talking about?" "The ghost train! Driver saw it last night." "Where?" asked Thomas and Toby. "He didn't say. Oh, it makes my wheels wobble so think of it!" "Huh!" said Thomas, "you're just a silly little engine. I'm not scared!" "Thomas didn't believe in your ghost." said Percy the next morning. His driver laughed, "Neither do I! It was a pretend ghost on television." Percy was disappointed. That evening he came back from the harbour.

Percy knew where he was, even in the dark. "Crowe's farm crossing. We shan't be long now." He liked running at night. The rails hummed and the signal lights shone green. But a broken cartload of lime lay ahead. Sam the farmer had just gone for help.

Percy broke the cart to smithereens. Lime flew everywhere. He puffed quickly to the nearest signal box. Percy's driver explained what had happened. "I'll see to it," said the signalman, "but you'd better clean Percy, or people will think he's a ghost!" Percy chuckled. "Do let's pretend I'm a ghost, and scare Thomas. That will teach him to say I'm a silly little engine!"

Toby promised to help.

Thomas was being oiled up for his evening train. "Percy's had an accident!" cried Toby. "Poor engine." said Thomas. "Botheration! That means I'll be late!" "They've cleared the line for you. but there's something worse!" "Out with it, Toby. I can't wait all evening." "I've just seen something," said Toby, "It looked like Percy's ghost. It said it was coming here to to warn us!" "Huh! Who cares? Don't be frightened, Toby. I'll take care of you."

"Peeeeeep! Peeeeeeeeeeeeep! Pip pip pip peeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep! Let me in! Let me in!" wailed Percy. "No, no! Not by the smoke of my chimney chim chim!" "I'll chuff and I'll puff and I'll break your door in!"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Thomas, "It's getting late. Oh, I had no idea. Oh! I must find Annie and Clarabel!" It was morning when Thomas returned. "Where have you been?" asked Toby. "Ah, well," said Thomas. "I knew you'd be sad about Percy and I, uhh, I didn't like to intrude. I slept in the good shed and-"

"Oh! Sorry! Can't stop gotta see a coach about to train!"

Percy was non the worse for his adventure and was still enjoying himself enormously. He had heard everything. "Well, well, what do you know about that?" "Anyone would think," chuckled Toby, "that our Thomas had just seen a ghost!"



## **Woolly Bear**

In summer the gangers cut the long grass on the line side, raking it into heaps to dry in the sun. At this time of year Percy stops where they have been cutting. The men load of his empty wagons and he pulls them to the station. Toby then takes them to the hills for the farmers to feed their stock.

Percy gave a ghostly whistle. "Don't be frightened, Thomas." He laughed, "It's only me!" "Your ugly fizz is enough to frighten anyone!" said Thomas. "You're like-" "Ugly indeed? I'm-" "A green Caterpillar with red stripes!" continued Thomas firmly. "You crawl like one too" "I don't!" "Who's been late every afternoon this week?" "It's the Hay!" "I can't help that," said Thomas "time's time, and The Fat Controller relies on me to keep it. I can't if you crawl in the hay till all hours!" "Green Caterpillar indeed!" fumed Percy, he set off to collect some hay to take to the harbour. "Everyone says I'm handsome, or at least nearly everyone. Anyway, my curves are better than Thomas's corners. Thomas says I'm always late." he grumbled. "I'm never late, or at least only a few minutes. What's that to Thomas? He can always catch up time further on." All the same, he and his driver decided to start home early. Then came trouble  
A crate of treacle was upset all over Percy. Percy was cross. He was still sticky when he puffed away.

The wind was blowing fiercely "Look at that!" exclaimed the driver. The wind caught the piled hay, tossing it up and over the track. The line climbed here. "Take a run at it, Percy!" his driver advised.

Percy gathered speed, but the hay made the rails slippery and his wheels wouldn't grip. Time after time he stalled with spinning wheels and had to wait till the line ahead was cleared before he could start again.

Everyone was waiting. Thomas seethed impatiently. "10 minutes late, I warned him.

Passengers'll complain and The Fat Controller-" Then they all saw Percy. They laughed and shouted.

"Sorry, I'm late!" Percy panted. "Look what's crawled out of the hay." teased Thomas. "What's wrong?" asked Percy. "Talk about hairy caterpillars." puffed Thomas, "It's worth being late to have seen you."

When Percy got home his driver showed him what he looked like in a mirror. "Bust my buffers! No wonder they all laughed. I'm just like a woolly bear! Please clean me before Toby comes." But it was no good. Thomas told Toby all about it.

Instead of talking about sensible things like playing ghosts, Thomas and Toby made jokes about woolly bear caterpillars, and other creatures which crawl about in hay. They laughed a lot but Percy thought they were really being very silly indeed.

## **Thomas and the Missing Christmas Tree**

It was two days before Christmas. Many children were expected on the Island of Sodor. All the engines were busy with the final preparations. The Fat Controller wanted this year's carol party to be an extra special celebration. The Fat Controller was now waiting impatiently for Thomas. "Quickly now," he said, "our Christmas tree has arrived just in time. I want you to fetch it Thomas. Duck can look after Annie and Clarabel until you get back." "Will we be able to sing carols too?" asked Thomas. "We'll see." promised The Fat Controller. "It would be nice to sing carols again." sighed Thomas, as he set off on his important mission.

Thomas collected the tree safely but large snowdrifts lay ahead. "I mustn't be late," he thought, "The Fat Controller is relying on me!" Whistling bravely. Thomas tried to move but he couldn't. There was worse to come. Poor Thomas was snowed under.

Meanwhile, the other engines waited and waited. They were grumbling about Thomas for being late. "Silence!" said The Fat Controller. "Thomas left the works safely, but snow has brought the telephone lines down. We must assume he is stranded." The engines now felt sorry for Thomas and cold but confident the twins set off to the rescue.

Suddenly they came to a drift that was deeper than the rest. "Help!" "Hush!" said Donald, "I can hear something." "Probably the wind" said Douglas. "Help!" "No, Listen!" insisted Donald. "Over here!" "Och! It's Thomas! Come on the poor wee engine must be frozen to the frames in there!" When the workmen arrived, it took some time to decide how to dig away the heavy drifts of snow. Thomas's driver and fireman, who had taken shelter at a nearby cottage, joined the rescue. At last, Thomas and the precious Christmas tree were freed from the snowdrift.

Then they set off once more to finish their long journey.

The Fat Controller greeted them warmly. "As a reward for all your hard work you may go and enjoy the carols. Be quick now!"

At the big station all was soon ready

"1 2 3" suddenly, like magic, the station was flooded with lights. "Ladies, gentlemen and children. I give you three cheers for Thomas the Tank Engine and all his friends, who have made this occasion possible!" Suddenly, there was a strange whirring sound. Percy and Toby smiled. They knew who it was. With landing light shining brightly, Harold the helicopter touched down gently in the snow.

Bringing the greatest surprise of all, Father Christmas! Everyone cheered and the party began. "It's no fun getting stuck in the snow," whispered Thomas, to Percy, "but it was worth it for this party. Happy Christmas, Percy. Happy Christmas, everyone!"